lung to it. Half timidly he descended the winding steps, and paused before the door of the "Mornie," he said, in a dry, metallic voice, whose only indication of the presence of ickness was in the lowness of its pitch-"Mornie." There was no reply, "Mornie," he repeated, impatiently, "it's me-Rand! If you want anything you're to call me. I am just outside." Still no answer came from the silent cabin. He pushed open the door gently, hesitated, and stepped over the threshold,

A change in the interior of the cabin within the last few hours showed a new presence The guns, shovels, picks, and blankets had dis appeared, the two chairs were drawn against the wall, the table placed by the bedside. swinging lantern was shaded toward the bed -the object of Rand's attention. On that bed, his brother's bed, lay a helpless woman, pale from the long black hair that matted her damp forehead, and clung to her hollow checks. Her face was turned to the wall, so that the softened light fell upon her profile, which to Rand, at that moment, seemed even noble and strong. But the next moment his eye fell upon the shoulder and arm that lay nearest to him, and the little bundle swathed in flannel that it clasped to her breast. His brow grew dark as he gazed. The sleeping woman moved; perhaps it was an instinctive consciousness of his presence-perhaps it was only the current of cold air from the opened door-but she shud-dered elightly, and, still unconscious, drew the child as if away from him, and nearer to her breast. The snamed blood rushed to Rand's face, and saying, half aloud, "I'm not going to take your precious babe away from you," he turned in half-boyish peitishness away. Neverthe less, he came back again shortly to the bedside, and gazed upon them both. She certainly did look altogether more ladylike and less aggressive lying there so still; sickness, that cheap refining power of some natures, was not unbecom ing to her. But this bundle! A boylsh curiesity, stronger than even his strong objection to the whole episode, was steadily impelling him to lift the blanket from it. "I suppose she'd waken if I did," said Rand, "but I'd like to know what right the Doctor had to wrap it up in my best This fresh grievance, the fruit of his curiosity, sent him away again to meditate on the ledge. After a few minutes he returned again, opened the cupboard at the foot of the bed softly, took thence a piece of chalk, and scrawled in large letters upon the door of the cupboard: "If you want anything, sing out; I'm just outside-Rand," This done, he took a blanket and bear skin from the corner. and walked to the door. But here he paused, looked back at the inscription; evidently not satisfied with it, returned, took up the chalk, added a line, but rubbed it out again, repeated this operation a few times, until he produced the polita postscript: "Hope you'll be better soon." Then he retreated to the ledge, spread the bearskin beside the door, and rolling himself in a blanket, lit his pipe for his night-long vigil. But Rand, although a martyr, a philosopher, and a moralist, was young. In less than ten minutes the pipe dropped from his lips, and he was asleep. He awoke with a strange sense of heat and

sufficiation, and with difficulty shook off his covering. Rubbing his eyes, he discovered that an extra blanket had in some mysterious way been added in the night, and beneath his head was a pillow he had no recollection of placing there when he went to sleep. By degrees the events of the past night forced themselves upon his benumbed faculties, and he sat up. The sun was riding high, the door of the cabin was open. Stretching himself, he staggered to his feet, and looked in through the yawning crack at the hinges. He rubbed his eyes again. Was he still asleep, and followed by a dream of yesterday? For there, even in the very attitude he remembered to have seen her sitting at her luncheon on the previous day, with her knitting on her lap, sat Mrs. Sol Saunders! What did it mean? or had she really been sitting there ever since, and all the events that followed only

A hand was laid upon his arm, and turning he saw the murky black eyes and Indian-inked beard of Sol beside him. That gentleman put his finger on his lips with a theatrical gesture, and then slowly retreating in the well-known manner of the buried Majesty of Denmark. waved him, like another Hamlet, to a remote waved him, like another Hamlet, to a remoter part of the ledge. This reached, he grasped Rand warmly by the hand, shook it heartlly, and said, "It's all right, my boy; all right!" "But—" began Rand. The hot blood flowed

to his cheeks, he stammered and stopped short. "It's all right, I say! Don't you mind! We'll

But, Mrs. Sol! what does she-" "Rosey has taken the matter in hand, sir, and

when that woman takes a matter in hand. it buzz. But how did she know?" stammered Rand.

"How? Well, sir, the scene opened something like this," said Sol, professionally. "Curtain rises on me and Mrs. Sol. Domestic interior-practicable chairs, table, books, news-Enter Doctor Duchesne-eccentric character part, very popular with the boys; tells off-hand affecting story of strange woman-one 'more unfortunate' having baby in Engle's Nest -lonely place on 'peaks of Snowdon,' midnight: eagles screaming, you know, and far down unfathomable depths; only attendant, cold-blooded ruffian, evidently father of child, with sinister designs on child and mother.'

"He didn't say that!" said Band, with an agonized smile.

"Order! Sit down in front!" continued Sol "Mrs. Sol highly interested-a mother enully. herself-demands name of place? 'Table Mountain!' No, it cannot be-it is! Excitement, Mystery! Rosey rises to occasion-comes to front: 'Some one must go: I-I-will go my-self!' Myself, coming to centre: 'Not alone, dearest; I-I will accompany you!' A shrick at right upper entrance. Enter the Marysville Pet. 'I have heard all. 'Tis a base calumny. It cannot be he! Randolph! Never! '
you accompany us?' 'I will!' Tableau!" \* Dare "Is Miss Euphemia-here?" gasped Rand,

practical, even in his embarrassment.
"Or-r-der! Scene second. Summit of mountain-moonlight. Peaks of Snowdon in distance. Right-lonely cabin. Enter slowly up defile. Sol, Mrs. Sol, the Pet. Advance slowly to cabin. Suppressed shrick from the Pet, who rushes to recumbent figure-Left-discovered lying beside cabin door. 'Tis he! Hist!-he sleeps!' Throws blanket over him and retires up stage so." Here Sol achieved a vile limitation of the Pet's most eachanting stage manner. Mrs. Soladvances - Centre - throws open door Shrick! "Tis Mornie-the lost found!" The Pet advances-' And the father is-The Pet kneeling, Just Hoaven, I thank thee! No it is-

'Hush!" said Rand, appealingly, looking toward the cabin.

'Hush, it is!" said the actor, good-naturedly; "But it's all right, Mr. Rand-we'll pull you through."

Later in the morning Rand learned that Mornie's ill-fated connection with the "Star Variety Troupe" had been a source of anxiety to Mrs. Sol, and she had reproached herself for

the girl's infedelicitous debut. "But Lord bless you, Mr. Rand," said Sol, "It was all in the way of business. She came to us-was fresh and new-her chance, looking at it professionally, was as good as any amateur's; but, what with her relations here, and her being known, she didn't take! We lost money on her! It's natural she should feel a little ugly. We all do when we get sorter kicked back onto ourselves, and find we can't stand alone. Why, you wouldn't believe it," h continued, with a moist twinkle of his binck eyes, "but the night I lost my little Resey of diphtheria in Gold Hall, the child was down on the bills for a comic song, and I had to drag Mrs. Sol on, cut up as she was, and filled up with that much of old Bourbon to keep her nerves stiff, so she could do an old gag with me to gain time and make up the 'variety.' sir, when I came to the front I was ugly! And when one of the boys in the front row sang out. Don't expose that poor child to the night air. Bol'-meaning Mrs. Soi, I sated ugly. No. sir.

it's human nature; and it was quite natural

Sol's face last night, should rise up and cuss us both. Lord, if she'd only acted like that! But the old lady got her quiet at last, and, as I said before, it's all right, and we'll pull her But don't you thank us; it's a little through! matter betwixt us and Mornie. We've got everything fixed, so that Mrs. Sol can stay right along. We'll pull Mornie through, and get her away from this and her baby too, as soon as we You won't get mad if I tell you some thing?" said Sol, with a half apologetic laugh.

Mrs. Sol was rather down on you the other day-hated you on sight, and preferred your prother to you; but when she found he'd run off and left you-you, don't mind my sayin'-s mere boy,' to take what oughter be his why she just wheeled round agin' him. I suppose he got flustered and couldn't face the music. Never left a word of explanation? Well, it wasn't exactly square-though I tel the old woman it's human nature. He might have dropped a hint where he was goin'. Well, there, I wont say a word more agin him. I

know how you feel! Hush it is!" It was the firm conviction of the simpleminded Sol that no one knew the various natural indications of human passion better than himself; perhaps it was one of the fallacles of his profession that the expression of all human passion was limited to certain conventional signs and sounds. Consequently, when Rand colored violently, became confused, stammered, and at last turned hastily away, the good hearted tellow instantly recognized the unfailing evidence of modesty and innocence embarrassed by recognition. As for Rand, I fear his shame was only momentary; confirmed in the belief of his ulterior wisdom and virtue, his first embarrassment over, he was not displeased with this half-way tribute, and really believe that the time would come when Mr. Sol should eventually praise his sagacity and reservation, and acknowledge that he was something more than a mere boy. He nevertheless shrank from meeting Mornie that morning, and was glad that the presence of Mrs. Sol relieved him from that duty.

The day passed uneventfully. Rand busies himself in his usual avocations, and constructed a temporary shelter for himself and Sol beside the shaft, besides rudely shaping a few necessary articles of furniture for Mrs. Sol.

" It will be a little spell yet afore Mornie's able to be moved," suggested Sol, "and you might as well be comfortable."

Band sighed at this prospect, yet presently forgot himself in the good humor of his compan ion, whose admiration for himself he began patronizingly admit. There was no sense of degradation in accepting the friendship of this man who had travelled so far seen so much and yet, as a practical man of the world, Ranc felt was so inferior to himself. The absence of Miss Euphemia, who had early left the mountain, was a source of odd, half definite re lief. Indeed, when he closed his eyes to rest that night, it was with a sense that the reality of his situation was not as bad as he had feared. Once only, the figure of his brother, haggard weary, and footsore, on his hopeless quest, wandering in lonely trails and lonelier settlements came across his fancy; but with it came the greater fear of his return, and the pathetic figure was banished. "And besides, he's in Sacramento by this time, and like as not forgotton us all," he muttered; and twining this poppy and mandragora around his pillow he fell asleep.

His spirits had quite returned the next morning, and once or twice he found himself singing while at work in the shaft. The fear that Buth might return to the mountain before he could get rid of Mornie, and the slight anxiety that had grown upon him to know something of his brother's movements, and to be able to govern them as he wished, caused him to hit upon the plan of constructing an ingenious advertisement to be published in the San Francisco jour nals, wherein the missing Ruth should be advised that news of his quest should be nicated to him by " a friend," through the same nedium, after an interval of two weeks. Full of this amiable intention, he returned to the surface to dinner. Here, to his momentary confusion, he met Miss Eurhamia, who, in absence of Sol, was assisting Mrs. Sol in the details of the household.

If the honest frankness with which that young lady greeted him was not enough to relieve his embarrassment, he would have forgotten it in the atteriy new and changed aspect she pre-sented. Her extravagant walking costume of the previous day was replaced by some bright calico, a little white apron, and a broadbrimmed straw hat, which seemed to Rand, in some-odd fashion, to restore her original girlish simplicity. The change was certainly not unbecom ing her: if her waist was not as tightly pinched à la mode, there still was an honest youthful plumpuess about it; her step was freer for the absence of her high-heel boots; and even the hand she extended to Rand, if not quite so small as in her tight gloves, and a little brown from exposure, was magnetic in its strong kindly grasp. There was perhaps a slight suggestion of the practical Mr. Sol in her wholesome presence, and Rand could not help wondering if Mrs. Sol had ever been a Gold Hill " pet" before her marriage with Mr. Sol. The young girl noticed his curious glance,

You never saw me in my rehearsal dress before," she said, with a laugh : "but I'm not 'company' to-day, and didn't put on my best harness to knock round in, I suppose I look

"I don't think you look bad," said Rand, simply. "Thank you," said Euphemia, with a laugh and a curtsey. "But this isn't getting the

As part of that operation evidently was the taking off of her hat, the putting up of some thick blond locks that had escaped, and the rolling up of her sleeves over a pair of strong rounded arms, Rand lingered near her. All trace of the Pet's previous professional coquetry was gone-perhaps it was only replaced by a more natural one-but as she looked up and caught sight of Rand's interested face, she laughed again and colored a little. Slight as was the blush, it was sufficient to kindle a sympathetic fire in Rand's own cheeks, which was so utterly unexpected to him that he turned on his heel in confusion. "I reckon she thinks I'm soft and silly, like Ruth," he sollloquized, and determining not to look at her again, betook himself to a distant and contemplative pipe. In vain did Miss Euphemia address herself to the ostentatious getting of the dinner in full ylew of him: in vain did she bring th coffee pot away from the fire, and nearer Rand. with the apparent intention of examining its contents in a better light; in valu, while wiping a plate, did she, absorbed in the distant prospect, walk to the verge of the mountain, and come statuesque and forgetful. The sulky young gentleman took no outward notice of

Mrs. Sol's attendance upon Mornie prevented her leaving the cabin, and Rand and Miss Eurhemia dined in the open air alone. The ridiculousness of keeping up a formal attitude his solitary companion caused Rand to relax; but, to his astonishment, the let seemed to have become correspondingly distant and formal. After a few moments of discomfort, Rand,

who had enten little, arose, and "believed he would go back to work." Ah, yes," said the Pet, with an indifferent air, "I suppose you must. Well, good-by, Mr. Pinkney.

Rand turned, " You are not going?" he asked, in some uneasiness "Tee got some work to do, too," returned

Miss Euphemia, a little enrily "But," said the practical Rand, "I thought you allowed that you were fixed to stay until

to-morrow? But here Miss Euphemia, with rising color and slight accretity of voice, was not aware that she was "fixed to stay" anywhere, least of all when she was in the way. More than that she must say, although perhaps it made no differonce, and she ought not to say it, that she was not in the habit of intruding upon gentlemen who plainly gave her to understand that her company was not desirable. She did not know why she said this-of course it could make no difference to anybody who didn't, of course,

came here because her dear friend, her adopted mother—and a better woman never breathed— had come and had saked her to stay. Of course Mrs. Sol was an intruder herself-Mr. Sol was an intruder-they were all intruders; she only wondered that Mr. Pinkney had borne with them so long. She knew it was an awful thing to be here, taking care of a poor—poor, helpless woman; but perhaps Mr. Rand's brother might forgive them if he couldn't. But no matter, she would go-Mr. Sol would go-all would go, and then, perhaps, Mr. Rand-

She stopped breathless; she stopped with the corner of her apron against her tearful hazel eyes; she stopped with, what was more remarkable than all-Rand's arm actually around her waist, and his astonished, alarmed face within a few inches of her own.

"Why, Miss Euphemia, Phemie, my dear girl! I never meant anything like that," said Rand. carnestly, "I really didn't, now! Come, now! You never once spoke to me when I sat down," said Miss Euphemia, feebly endeavoring to withdraw from Rand's grasp.

"I really didn't! Oh, come now, look here I didn't! Don't! There's a dear-there! This last conclusive exposition was a kiss Miss Euphemia was not quick enough to re-lease herself from his arms. He anticipated that act a full half-second, and had dropped his own, pale and breathless.

The girl recovered herself first. "There, I declare, I'm forgetting Mrs. Sol's coffee !" she exclaimed, hastily, and snatching up the coffee pot, disappeared. When she returned Rand was gone. Miss Euphemia busied herself, demure ly, in clearing up the dishes, with the tail of her eye sweeping the horizon of the summit level around her. But no Rand appeared. Presently she began to laugh quietly to herself. This occurred several times during her occupation which was somewhat prolonged. The result of this meditative hilarity was summed up in a somewhat grave and thoughtful deduction, as she walked slowly back to the cabin, "I do be believe I'm the first woman that that boy ever

Miss Euphemia stayed that day and the next. and Rand forgot his embarrassment. By what means I know not, Miss Euphemia managed to restore Rand's confidence in himself and in her, and in a little ramble on the mountain side got him to relate, albeit somewhat reluctantly, the particulars of his rescue of Mornie from her dangerous position on the broken trail. "And if you hadn't got there as soon as you

did she'd have fallen ?" asked the Pet. "I reckon." returned Band, gloomily, was sorter dazed and crased like." "And you saved her life?"

"I suppose so, if you put it that way," said Rand, sulkily. "But how did you get her up the mountain again? "Oh, I got her up," returned Rand, moodily

"But how? Really, Mr. Rand, you don't know low interesting this is. It's as good as a play, said the Pet, with a little excited laugh.

"Oh, I carried her up !" "In your arms?"

Miss Euphemia paused, and bit off the stalk of a flower, made a wry tace, and threw it away

from her in disgust. Then she dug a few tiny holes in the earth with her parasol, and buried bits of the flower stalk in them, as if they had been tender memo ries. "I suppose you knew Mornie very well?"

"I used to run across her in the woods." sponded Band, shortly, "a year ago. I didn't know her so well then as — " He stopped. "As what? as now?" asked the Pet, abruptly.

Rand, who was coloring over his narrow escape from a topic which a delicate kindness of Sol had excluded from their intercourse on the mountain, stammered "as you do-I meant." The Pet tossed her head a little. "Oh, I don't

know her at all-except through Sol!" Rand stared hard at this. The Pet, who was looking at him intently, said, "Show me the place where you saw Mornie clinging that night.'

It's dangerous," suggested Rand. "You mean I'd be afraid! Try me! I don' lieve she was so dreadfully frightened!" Why,?" asked Rand, in astonishment.

Rand sat down in vague wonderment. Show it to me," continued the Pet, " orfind it alone !" Thus challenged, he rose, and after a few mo uents' climbing stood with her upon the trail. You see that thorn-bush where the rock has fallen away. It was just there! It is not safe

go further. No. really! Miss Euphemia! l'iesse don't! It's almost certain death!" But the giddy girl had darted past him, and, face to the wall of the cliff, was creeping along the dangerous path. Rand followed mechan. ically. Once or twice the trail crumbled beneath her feet, but she clung to a projecting root of chaparral, and laughed. She had almost reached her elected goal when, slipping the treacherous chaparral she clung to yielded in her grasp, and Rand, with a cry, sprung for ward. But the next instant she quickly transferred her hold to a cieft in the ciiff, and was

safe. Not so her companion. The soil beneath him, loosened by the impulse of his spring. slipped away; he was falling with it, when she caught him sharply with her disengaged hand, and together they scrambled to a more secure coting.

'I could have reached it alone," said the Pet, 'If you'd left me alone." Thank heaven, we're saved," said Rand

'And without a rope," said Miss Euphemia, algnificantly. Rand did not understand her. But as they out the always difficult thanks of a man who

slowly returned to the summit he stammered has been physically helped by one of the weaker sex. Miss Euphemia was quick to see her error. "I might have made you lose your footing by catching at you," she said meekly. " Bu

I was so frightened for you and could not help it. The superior animal, thoroughly bambo zled, thereupon complimented her on her dex

terity. "Oh, that's nothing," she said, with a sigh, I used to do the flying-trapeze business with papa when I was a child, and I've not fergotten With this and other confidences of her early life, in which Rand betrayed considerable interest, they begulied the tedious ascent ought to have made you carry me up," said the lady, with a little laugh, when they reached the summit; "but you haven't known me as long as you have Mornie-have you?" mysterious speech she bade Rand "Good night," and hurried off to the cabin.

And so a week passed by-the week so dreaded by Rand, yet passed so pleasantly, that at times seemed as if that dread were only a trick o his faucy, or as if the circumstances that surrounded him were different from what he be lived them to be. On the seventh day the doctor had stayed longer than usual, and Rand, who had been sitting with Euphemia on the ledge by the shaft, watching the sunset, had barely time to withdraw his hand from hers as Mrs. Sol, a trifle pale and wearied-looking, ap-

proached him. 'I don't like to trouble you," she said-indeed hey had seldom troubled him with the details if Mornie's convalescence, or even her needs and requirements-" but the doctor is alarmed about Mornie, and she has asked to see you. I think you had better go in and speak to her. You know," continued Mrs. Sol, delicately haven't been in there since the night she was taken sick, and maybe a new face might de

The guilty blood flew to Rand's face as he ammered, "I thought I'd be in the way. I didn't believe she cared much to see me. Is she

"The doctor is looking very anxious," said Mrs. Sol, simply. The blood returned from Rand's face, and ettled around his heart. He turned very pale. He had consoled himself always for his complicity in Ruth's absence, that he was taking good care of Mornie, or-what is considered by most selfsh natures an equivalent-permitting that Mornia when she caught sight o' Mrs. | care; but she only wanted to say that she only | or encouraging some one else to "take good

care of her," but here was a contingency utterly unforeseen. It did not occur to him that this "taking good care" of her could result in anything but a perfect solution of her troubles, or that there could be any future to her condition tut one of recovery. But what if she should die? A sudden and helpless sense of his responsibility to Ruth-to her-brought him trembling to his feet.

He hurried to the cabin, where Mrs. Sol left him with a word of caution. "You'll find her changed and quiet—very quiet. If I was you I wouldn't say anything to bring back her old

The change which Rand saw was so great the face that was turned to him so quiet, that, with a new fear upon him, he would have preferred the savage eyes and reckless mien of the old Mornie whom he hated. With his habitual impulsiveness he tried to say something that should express that fact not unkindly, but faltered, and awkwardly sank into the chair by

"I don't wonder that you stare at me now." she said, in a far-off voice; "it seems to you strange to see me lying here so quiet. You are thinking how wild I was when I came here that night. I must have been crazy, I think. I dreamed that I said dreadful things to you; but you must forgive me, and not mind crazy then." She stopped and folded the blanket etween her thin fingers. "I didn't ask you to come here to tell you that, or to remind you of it. but-but when I was crazy, I said so many worse, dreadful things of him; and you-yo will be left behind to tell him of it."

Rand was vaguely murmuring something to the effect that " he knew she didn't mean anything," that "she mustn't think of it again that "he'd forgotten all about it," when she stopped him with a tired gesture.

"Perhaps I was wrong to think that, after I am gone, you would care to tell him anything. Perhaps I'm wrong to think of it at all, or to care what he will think of me-except for the sake of the child-his child, Rand!-that I must leave behind me. He will know that it never abused him. No. God bless it's sweet heart it never was wild and wicked and bateful, like its cruel, crazy mother. And he will love it and you, perhaps, will love it too-just a little Rand! Look at it!" She tried to raise the helpless bundle beside her in her arms, but failed. "You must lean over," she said, faintly, to Rand. "It looks like him, doesn't it?"

Rand, with wondering, embarrassed eyes, ried to see some resemblance in the little blue red oval, to the sad, wistful face of his brother which even then was haunting him from son mysterious distance. He kissed the child's forehead, but even then so vaguely and perfune torily that the mother sighed, and drew it closes

"The doctor says "sha continued in a colmo roice, "that I am not doing as well as I ought to. I don't think," she faltered, with some-thing of her old bitter laugh, "that I'm ever doing as well as I ought to, and perhaps it's not strange now that I don't. And he says that in case anything happens to me, I ought to look ahead! I have looked ahead! It's a dark look ahead, Rand-a horror of blackness, withou kind faces, without the baby, without-without

She turned her face away, and laid it on the bundle by her side. It was so quiet in the cabin that through the open door, beyond, the faint rhythmical mean of the pines below was disinctly heard.

"I know it's foolish-but that is what looking ahead' always meant to me," she said, with sigh. "But, since the doctor has been gone, 've talked to Mrs. Sol, and find it's for the best. And I look abead, and see more clearly. I look shead, and see my disgrace removed far away from him and you. I look ahead and see you and he living together, happily, as you did before I came between you. I look ahead, and see my past life forgotten, my faults forgiven, and I think I see you both loving my baby, and perhaps loving me a little for its sake. Thank you, Rand, thank you!"

For Rand's hand had caught hers beside the pillow, and he was standing over her, whiter than she. Something in the pressure of his hand emboldened her to go on, and even lent a certain strength to her voice.

"When it comes to that, Rand, you'll not let these people take the baby away. You'll keep with you until he comes. And some thing tells me that he will come when I am gone. You'll keep it here in the pure air and sunlight of the mountain, and out of those wicked depths below; and when I am gone and they are gone, and only you and Ruth and baby are here, maybe you'll think that it came to you in a cloud on the mountain-a cloud that lingered only long enough to drop its burden, and faded, leaving the sunlight and dew behind. What is it, Rand? What are you look-

ing at?" "I was thinking," said Rand, in a strange altered voice, "that I must trouble you to let me take down those duds and furbelows that hang on the wall, so that I can get at some traps of mine behind them." He took some articles from the wall, replaced the dresses of Mrs. Sol, and answered Mornie's look of inquiry. "I was only getting at my purse and my revolver, he said, showing them. "I've got to get some stores at the Ferry, by daylight."

"I'm giving you great Mornie sighed. rouble, Rand, I know; but it won't be for

He muttered something, took her hand again, and bade her "good night." When he reached the door he looked back. The light was shinng full apon her face as the lay there with her babe on her breast, bravely "looking ahead."

## PART IV. THE CLOUDS PASS,

It was early morning at the Ferry. The " coach" had passed with lights unextinguished, and the "outsides" still asleep. The ferryman had gone up to the Ferry Mansion House, swinging his lantern, and had found the sleepylooking "all night" barkeeper on the point of withdrawing for the day on a mattress under the bar. An Indian half breed, porter of the Mansion House, was washing out the stains of recent nocturnal dissipation from the barroom and veranda, a few birds were wittering on the cotton woods beside the river, a bolder tew had alighted upon the veranda, and were trying to reconcile the existence of so much lemon peel and cigar stumps with their ideas of a beneficent Creator, A faint earthy freshness and perfume rose along the river banks. Deep shadow still lay upon the opposite shore, but in the distance our miles away. Morning along the level crest of Table Mountain walked with resy tread. The sleepy barkoeper was that morning omed to disappointment. For scarcely had the coach passed when steps were heard upon the veranda, and a weary, dusty traveller threw his blanket and knapsack to the porter. and then dropped into a vacant armebair, with his eyes fixed on the distant crest of Table Mountain. He remained motionless for some time, until the barkeeper, who had already con cocted the conventional welcome of the Man-

sion House, appeared with it in a glass, put it upon the table, glanced at the stranger, and en, thoroughly nwake, cried out-"Ruth Pinknet—or I'm a Chinaman!" The stranger lifted his eyes wearily. Hollow ircles were around their orbits, baggard lines ere in his cheeks. But it was Ruth, He took the glass and drained it at a single

raught. "Yes," he said, absently, Pinkney," and fixed his eyes again on the disant rosy crest. "On your way up home?" suggested the bareeper, following the direction of Ruth's eyes.

Perhaps." Been upon a pasear-hain't yer? Be havin' a little tear round Sacramento, seein' the ights." Ruth smiled bitterly. "Yes."

The barkeeper lingered, estentatiously wipng a glass. But Ruth again became abstract ed in the mountain, and the barkeeper turned away. How pure and clear that summit looked to

him! how restful and steadfast with serenity and calm! how unlike his own feverish, dusty, travel-worn self! A week had elapsed since he had last looked upon it-a week of disappointment, of anxious fears, of doubts, of wild maginings, of utter helplessness. In his hopeless quest of the missing Mornie he had, in fancy, seen this serene eminence haunting his remorseful, passion-stricken soul. 'And now, rithout a clue to guide him to her unknown hiding place, he was back again to face the brother whom he had deceived, with only the confession of his own weakness. Hard as it was to lose forever the flerce, reproachfu glances of the woman he loved, it was still harder to a man of Buth's temperament to look again upon the face of the brother he feared. A hand aid upon his shoulder startled him. It was the

"If it's a fair question, Buth Pinkney, I'd like to ask ye how long ye kalkilate to hang around the Ferry to-day?"
"Why?" demanded Ruth, haughtily.

"Because, whatever you've been and done, I want ye to have a square show. Ole Nixon has been cavoortin' round yer the last two swearin' to kill you on sight for runnin' off with his darter. Sabe? Now let me ax ye two quesions. First-Are you heeled?"

Ruth responded to this dialectical inquiry affirmatively, by putting his hand on his re-"Good! Now, Second-Have you got the gal

along here with you?"
"No," responded Ruth, in a hollow voice. "That's better yet," said the man, without heeding the tone of the reply. and especially the woman, in a row of this kind -handleaps a man awful." He paused and took up the empty glass. "Look yer, Ruth Pinkney, I'm a square man, and I'll be square with you. So I'll just tell you, you've got the demdest odds agin' yo. Pr'aps ye know it, and don't keer. Well, the boys around yer are all sidin' with the old man Nixon. It's the first time the old rip ever had a hand in his favor; so the boys will see fair play for Nixon and agin you. But I reckon you don't mind him?"

'So little, I shall never pull trigger on him!' said Buth, gravely.

The barkeeper stared, and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Well, thar's that Kanaka Joe. who used to be sorter sweet on Mornie-he's an ugly devil-he's helpin' the old man!"

The sad look faded from Ruth's eyes suddenly. A certain wild Berserker rage-a taint of the blood, inherited from heaven knows what Old-World ancestry, which had made the twin brothers' Southwestern eccentricities respected in the settlement-glowed in its place. The barkeeper noted it, and augured a lively future for the day's feativities. But it faded again and Ruth, as he rose, turned healtatingly to-

ward him. Have you seen my brother Rand lately ?"

"Nary."
"He hasn't been here, or about the Ferry?"

"Nary time. "You haven't heard," said Ruth, with a faint attempt at a smile, "if he's been round here asking after me-sorter looking me up, you

"Not much," returned the barkeeper deliberately. "Ez far ez I know Rand-that ar brother o' yours-he's one of yer high-toned chaps ez doesn't drink, thinks barrooms is pizen, and ain't the sort to come round yer and ling yarns with me.

Ruth rose; but the hand that he placed upon the table, albeit a powerful one, trembled so that it was with difficulty he resumed his knap-When he did so, his bent figure, stooping shoulders, and haggard face made him appear another man from the one who had sat down. There was a slight touch of apologetic deference and humility in his manner as he paid his reckoning, and slowly and hesitatingly began to descend the steps.

The barkeeper looked after him thoughtfully. Well, dog my skin!" he ejaculated to himself, of I hadn't seen that man—that same Ruth Pinkney-straddle a friend's body in this yer very room, and dare a whole crowd to come on, I'd swar that he hadn't any grit in him! Thar's something up!"

But here Buth reached the last step, and turned again.

"If you see old man Nixon, say I'm in town if you see that --- -- "(I regret to say that cannot repeat his exact and brief characterization of the present condition and natal ante eedents of Kanaka Joe), "say I'm looking out for him," and he was gone.

He wandered down the road toward the one

ong straggling street of the settlement. The few people who met him at that early hour greeted him with a kind of constrained civility; certain cautious souls hurried by without seeing him; all turned and looked after him, and a few followed him at a respectful distance A somewhat notorious practical joker and recognized wag at the Ferry apparently awaitand expectation, but, catching sight of Ruth's haggard face and blazing eyes, became instantly practical and by no means joe ular in his greeting. At the top of the hill, Buth turned to look once more upon the distant mountain, now again a mere cloud line on the horizon. In the firm belief that he would never again see the sun rise upon it, he turned aside into a hazel thicket, and tearing out a few leaves from his pocketbook, wrote two letters-one to Rand and one to Mornie; but which, as they were never delivered, shall not burden this brief chronicle of that eventful day. For while transcribing them, he was started by the sounds of a dozen pistol shots in the direction of the hotel he had recently quitted. Something in the mere sound provoked the old hereditary fighting instinct, and sent him to his feet with a bound, and a slight distension of the nostrils and sniffing of the air not unknown to certain men who become half intoxicated by the smell of powder. He quickly folded his letters and addressed them carefully, and taking off his knapsack and blanket, methodically arranged them under a tree, with the letters on top. Then he examined the lock of his revolver, and then, with the step of a man ten years younger, leaped into the road. He had scarcely done so when he was seized, and by sheer force dragged into a blacksmith's shop at the readside. He turned his savage face and drawn weapon upon his assailant, but was surprised o meet the anxious eyes of the barkeeper of the Mansion House.

"Don't be a d-d fool," said the man, quickly. Thar's fifty agin' you down thar. But why, in -1), didn't you wipe out old Nixon when you had such a good chance?"

Wipe out old Nixon ?" repeated Buth. "Yes, just now, when you had him covered!"

The barkeeper turned quickly upon Ruth, stared at him, and then suddenly burst into a fit of laughter, "Well! I've knowed you two were twins, but damn me if I ever thought I'd be sold like this." And he again burst into a roar of laughter.

"What do you mean?" demanded Ruth, sayagely.

"What do I mean?" returned the barkeeper. Why, I mean this. I mean that your brother, Rand, as you call him, he'z bin-for a young feller, and a plous feller-doin' about the tailest kind o' fightin' to-day that's been done at the Ferry. He's laid out that ar Kanaka Joe and two of his chums! He was pitched into on your quarrol, and he took it up for you like a ittle man! I managed to drag him off, up yer, in the hazel bush for safety, and out you pops, and I thought you was him! He can't away. Hallo! There they're comin; and thar's the doctor trying to keep them back

A crowd of angry, excited faces filled the road suddenly, but before them Dr. Duchesne mounted and with a pistol in his hand, opposed their further progress, "Back, in the bugh!" whispered the bar-

keeper. "Now's your time!"

But Ruth stirred not. "Go you back," he said, in a low voice; "find Rand, and take him away. I will fill his place here." He drow his revolver, and stepped into the road. A shout, a report, and the spatter of red dust from a bullet near his feet told him he was recognized. He stirred not; but another shout,

and a cry, "There they are-both of 'em!" made him turn His brother Rand, with a smile on his lip and fire in his eye, stood by his side! Neither spoke. Then Rand, quietly, as of old, slipped his hand into his brother's strong palm. Two or three bullets sang by them, a splinter flew rom the blacksmith's shed, but the brothers hard gripping each other's hands, and looking into each other's faces, with a quiet joy, stood here, colm and imperturbable. There was a momentary pause. The voice of

Keep back, I say! Keep back! Or hear me! For five years I've worked among you, and mended and patched the holes you've drilled through each other's carcasses. Keep

back, I say!-or the next man that pulls trigger or steps forward, will get a hole from me that no surgeon can stop! I'm sick of your ing ball practice! Keep back!-or, by the liv ng Jingo, I'il show you where a man's vital

There was a burst of laughter from the crowd and for a moment the twins were forgotten in this audacious speech and coolly impertment presence.

That's right! Now let that infernal old hypocritical drunkard, Mat Nixon, step to the The crowd parted right and left, and half

pushed, half dragged Nixon before him. "Gentiemen," said the doctor, "this is the man who has just shot at Rand Pinkney for hiding his daughter. Now, I tell you, gentiemen, and I tell him, that for the last week his daughter, Mornie Nixon, has been under my care as a patient, and my protection as a friend If there's anybody to be shot, the job must be-

gin with me!" There was another laugh, and a cry of "Bully for old Sawbones!" Ruth started convulsively, and Rand answered his look with a confirming

pressure of his hand. That isn't ail, gentlemen, This drunken brute has just shot at a gentleman, whose only offence, to my knowledge, is that he has, for the has week, treated her with a brother's kindness, has taken her into his own home, and cared for her wants as if she were his own sister." Ruth's hand again grasped his brother's

Rand colored, and hung his head. "There's more yet, gentlemen, I tell you that that girl, Mornie Nixon, has, to my knowiedge, been treated like a lady, has been cared for as she never was cared for in her father's house, and while that father has been proclaiming her shame in every barroom at the Ferry. as had the sympathy and care, night and day of two of the most accomplished ladies of Ferry-Mrs. Sol Saunders, gentlemen, and Miss

Euphemia!" There was a shout of approbation from the owd. Nixon would have slipped away, but

the doctor stopped him.
"Not yet! I've one thing more to say. I've to tell you, gentlemen, on my professional word of honor, that besides being an old hypocrite. this same old Mat Nixon is the ungrateful, unnatural grandfather of the first boy born in the district!

A wild huzza greeted the doctor's climax. By common consent the crowd turned toward the wins, who, grasping each other's hands, stood The doctor nodded his head. The next noment the twins were surrounded and lifted n the arms of the laughing throng, and borne in triumph to the barroom of the Mansion

Gentlemen," said the barkeeper, "call for what you like; the Mansion House treats to-day in honor of its being the first time that Band Pinkney has been admitted to the Bar."

It was agreed that, as her condition was still precarious, the news should be broken to her gradually and indirectly. The indefatigable Sol had a professional idea, which was not displeasing to the twins. It being a lovely summer afternoon, the couch of Mornie was lifted out on the ledge, and she lay there, basking in the sunlight, drinking in the pure air, and look ng bravely ahead in the daylight as she had in the darkness-for her couch commanded a view of the mountain flank. And lying there she dreamed a pleasant dream, and in her dream saw Rand returning up the mountain trail. She was half conscious that he had good news for her, and when he at last reached her bedside he began gently and kindly to tell his news. But she heard him not, or rather in her dream was most occupied with his ways and manners. which seemed unlike him, yet inexpressible sweet and tender. The tears were fast coming in her eyes, when he suddenly dropped on hi knees beside her, threw away Rand's disguising hat and coat, and clasped her in his arms And by that she knew it was Ruth!

But what they said: what hurried words of mutual explanation and forgiveness passed be ween them; what bitter yet tender recollections of hidden fears and doubts, now forever chase away in the rain of tears and joyous sunshine of that mountain top, were then whispered shatever of this little chronic seems strange and inconsistent-as all human record must ever be strange and imperfecexcept to the actors-was then made clear, was never divulged by them, and must remain with them forever. The rest of the party had withdrawn and they were alone. But when Mornie turned and placed the baby in its father's arms they were so isolated in their happiness the lower world beneath them might have swung and drifted away, and left that mountain top the beginning and creation of a better planet.

"You know all about it now," said Sol, the next day, explaining the previous episodes of this history to Ruth; "you've got the whole plo before you. It dragged a little in the second act, for the actors weren't up in their parts But, for an amateur performance, on the whole, it wasn't bad."

'I don't know, I'm sure," said Rand, impulsively, "how we'd have got on without Euphemia. It's too bad she couldn't be here today." She wanted to come," said Sol, "but the

gentleman she's engaged to came up from Marysville last night." "Gentleman - engaged!" repeated Rand

white and red by turns. Well, yes! I say 'gentleman,' although he's in the variety profession. She always said," said Sol, quietly looking at Rand, "that she'd never marry out of it."

## English Molly of Mersine. From the Whitehalf Recteir.

All day beside the straming shore; All day beside the blinding sea. O'er the rule care's blisbering floor Where to yet rooms a sea because Our the rule car's distincting theor-where never connects a sea brucke. To sur the shadow of the vines. Nor ever both the singularit air. The power to shake the dusty lines of such a most post of the surface of the

There, where all day they pray for night.
Through unfit is searce, less hot than day;
There, where all might they pray for night.
To chase the sweltering mists away.
For Greek, by Syrian and for light
She tooks, from taken threelessed,
Busy all day, when others were,
But there is a wallon others in set;
"A right here," A distribute.
"Quickly that marking repare.
"Quickly that marking repare.
"Quickly that the true table set."

Thus all day long, from week to week, tries, with shrill voice, the kindly Greek, the wise bet pain to your follows. Died on that he we tricken share, lake some good which ame between Beath and poor Neily of Morsine. What stirs her now ! A suiten glow What shies her now? A sublem glow to beauty clothes her monely eithers, the monely eithers, Kimiles her eye, and lights her brew thock, Kimiles her eye, and lights her brew transfassed see sample, she cannot speak; Her enger planees wander round. We have came that to not a country sound? An English value were had a conglet; Only a saller's value, yet tranght. With memories of a harder time. And values of a kinder clings. The feelbest vite that ever her grows to tell the hawthern and the cose; The orange tree that rouse the vine Is absted by the agantine.

Once more in Leybourne woods she lies.

Half baried in the spreading firm.
Once more the whiten presenting form.
The mill dam and the large primary for the control of the

She stirs not: moves not: all around. The tearless rabbits frak and bound. Hush: 'tiark! Yes: from the neighboring cak The spring's first encked twas that spoke.

This charm of woods, and streams, and bells, wrought by a voice, a voice dispels.

A rak here:

A handle there:

A handle there is a reason of the control o

SOME NEW BOOKS.

A Bonaparte's American Wife. Nothing could be more opportune than

nemoir of Mme. Patterson-Benaparte at a time when the family of Jerome have, unexpectedly, become the legal representatives of the Napoleonic dynasty. It is already certain that the eldest son by the second marriage will not be able to command the zealous and undivided support of his party, and, scener or later, the Bonapartists, whose strength. In core ain quarters, it would be a mistake to underrate, may be constrained to look elsewhere for an effective standard-bearer. With their theory of Casarism, which may be defined as a system of absolutism based upon a plobiscite, it is indispensable that a candidate should compine all the elements of popularity, and be measurably free from monarchical entanglements. On this account Prince Victor will be likely to find his relationship to the House of Savoy anything but a passport to the favor of the French people. But if a Bonaparte could be met with who, like the son of Hortense, had been all his life a radical Republican, who was not directly related to any of the reigning dynasty, and who had been proscribed and imprisoned by reactionary Governments, it is not impossible, in certain contingencies, that such a manmight turn out a formidable competitor for the chief magistracy of the French republic. Still greater weight would naturally attach to his oredentials if, in his person, the democratic tradition of Lucien seemed to be rooted and fostered by the circumstances of birth and training-if on one side he inherited the martial prestige of the Napoleonic epic, while he gained from his maternal ancestors those titles to a people's confidence which invest the name of an American citizen. We, at least, who have seen Louis Napoleon surmount even the ridi-cule which followed the advent of his tame eagles at Boulogne, can perceive nothing incredible in the notion that an American descendant of Jerome Bonaparte might be called upon, in the event of a reactionary crisis, to play an important rôle in France. For these reasons narrative which undertakes to recount the story of Jerome Bonaparte's first marriage with an American lady will be very generally welcomed on both sides of the Atlantic. The author of the sketch before us seems to have had access to a large amount of private correspondence, and he has contrived to make copious quotas tions without rudely interrupting the flow of his biography. On the whole, we know of few books more interesting and timely than this rolume, entitled The Life and Letters of Mma. Bonaparts, by EUGENE L. DIDIER (Scribners) Mme. Bonaparte was fond of asserting that her father came of an ancient but reduced family. The facts are, according to the author of this memoir, that her father was the son of a

petty farmer in County Donegal, Ireland, and was sent forth by his parents to earn his living in the colonies at the age of fourteen. He reached Philadelphia in 1766, and became a cierk in the counting house of an Irish ship-ping merchant. By the beginning of the Bevointionary war, he was trading, on his own acount, with Europe and the West Indies, and for three years afterward seems to have engaged in the lucrative practice of blockade running. In the summer of 1778 he brought to Baltimore the first of his venturesome speculations, in the shape of \$100,000 in gold and mer-chandise. One half of this sum was invested in real estate in that town, and the remainder, being put into the shipping business, soon made of Mr. Patterson the leading merchant of the place, which, however, at that time, did not contain 4,000 inhabitants. It would appear, indeed, that capital must have been scarce in Maryland, since, according to one of Jefferson's etters, written in 1804, William Patterson was then the wealthiest citizen of the State after Charles Carroll of Carrollton. For his own part, he seems to have teen free from aristocratic pretensions, and used to boast that what he possessed was solely he product of his own labor that he "had innerited nothing from forefathers, nor gained mything from public favors or appointments." He believed and practised the maxim that money and merit are the only sure and certain roads to respectability and consequence."

In a word, though Mr. Didier has drawn his portrait as flatteringly as he could, it is plain that the father of Elizabeth Patterson was a

species of Irish Dombey, hard headed, pomp-

ous, and snarlish-a sour, stolid, and quite unin-

Mr. Patterson did not marry until he had

made his fortune, and his wife seems to have

seen greatty his superior in all aminble ways.

resting person.

It was by her that the daughter, Elizabeth, was educated, though we must not ascribe much scope to what passed for education in a small scaport town before the beginning of this century. Mr. Didier says the young lady could recite Young's "Night Thoughts" and Rochefoucauld's "Maxims." If so, she must have read the latter in an English version for neording to an anecdode current among her contemporaries, she was obliged to shut herself up for a month on hearing of Jerome Bonsparte's expected arrival, in order to acquire the radiments of the French language. Mr. Didier tells us that at this epoch Miss Patterson was a recognized belle of Baltimore, which is probable nough; but those who know something about the obstinate traditions of colonial society will be disposed to question how far the daughter of a trader was countenanced by the neighboring planters. There is no doubt whatever, on the other hand, according to the fervent and unantmous testimony of contemporaries that Miss Betsey Patterson was wonderfully beautiful, and it is said that the portrait by Stuart engraved for this volume, is far from doing her justice. It was natural enough, therefore, that a young naval officer should fall in love with er, and reasonable enough, also, that he should marry her, seeing that Jerome Bonaparte was merely the younger brother of a military adventurer, who had raised himself, it is true, to the place of Pirst Consul or Chief Magistrate of the French Republic, but whom, judging from experience, nobody would expect see enjoying a long tenure of his precarious office. There had been little talk, as yet, about dynastic dignity; but the young man was under legal age, and, according to the French code, could not marry without the formal consent of his legal guardians. This war a bar which no parent of common prudence would overlook, and Mr. Patterson showed plenty of hard sense in twice breaking off the engagement between his daughter and Capt. Bonaparte. His opposition was fruitless, however, and the ceremon? was performed on Christmas Eve, 1804, by the Right Rev. John Carrol, Bishop of Buildmore, and first Primate of the Catholic Church in America. The marriage contract was drawn up by Alexander J. Dallas, who was afterward Secretary of the Treasury and some of its articles are worth noting, as showing that the Patterson family could not have been much surprised by the subsequent troubles. Indeed, ese stipulations invest the whole affair with the aspect of a commercial speculation. Article first, for instance, provides that 'in case of any difficulty being raised relative to the validity of the said marriage in the French republic the said Jerome Bonaparte should exthe request of his wife or of her father, any deed necessary to remove the obstaclfurther agreed, in another article, that should

the marriage be annulled, either on demand of the said Jerome Bonaparte, "or on that of any member of his family." the wife should have \$ right to one-thiftd of her husband's property. The wedding, it appears, was witnessed to the French Consul, but not by the French Minister On the whole, there is some reason to suspect the young Corsican parvenu intended from the first to deceive the pretty Yankee girl, and that there was a good deal of truth in a warring letter sent to her paps informing him that Cart. Bonaparte only wanted to secure pleasant quarters for himself until he could return to France, when he would be prompt "to turn your daughter off, and laugh at her credulity." Taken altogether, the wedding can scar by be pronounced a very pretty performance. prettiest feature of it was the bride. A gentleman who was present on the occasion said, "All the clothes worn by the lady might have been put in my pocket. Her dress was of musifu-